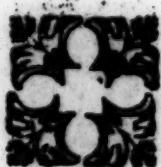


Honest Amusementst,
BEING A
COLLECTION
OF
POLITICAL SONGS,
Compos'd for the Diversion of
all Loyal Societies.



*Dedicated to Mr. GEORGE FLINT, Au-
thor of the Shift Shifted.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for John King, Stationer, in the *Middle-
Temple*, and Sold by the Booksellers of *London*
and *Westminster*. 1716. (Price 6d.)

Honey Amusement

BEING A

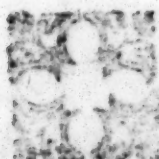
COLLECTION



OF

POLITICAL SONGS

Composed for the Division of
all Loyal Societies.



Dedicated to MR. GEORGE FLINT, by
that of the Ship Builders.

L O N D O N

Printed for John King, Stationer, in the Strand.
Lamp, and sold by the Booksellers of London
and Westminster. (Price 6d.)



To the most Celebrated Patriot

OF

Indefeasible Hereditary Right,

The Unfortunate, Yet Indefatigable,

Mr. George Flint.

S I R,

HAVING the Happiness of being acquainted with your Work, (but more particularly that universally admir'd Performance call'd *The Shift Shifted*, which has so long been matter of Speculation and Amusement to all Lovers of their Country) tho' not with your Person; I could not think of any Body more proper to Dedicate these Amusements to, than your self; That Moderation, Candor, Modesty and good Manners, with which you

treat even your most profest Enemies, encourage me to this Presumption, and could they once gain the Sanction of your Patronage, I might defy the Censure even of the most industrious Criticks of either Party: The Tories will all acquiesce in the Opinion of *the learned and ingenious Mr. Flint, the Champion of the Church, the Propagator of the Faith, that pleads the Cause of the Fatherless and Widow, the British Oracle* consulted by them all from the Highest to the Lowest. For tho' to Men of ordinary Capacities, a Piece of this Nature may at first be literally understood, and therefore of course condemn'd; you can open their Eyes, and make 'em sensible of their Error, show 'em that tho' the Stupidity of the Whigs may occasion 'em to fancy it makes for them, and therefore be pleased with any Thing that seems to humour 'em in their notorious Practices, that yet the Design of the Author was quite otherwise, and it will do their Cause infinitely more Prejudice than an open and declar'd Opposition, which may be of fatal Consequence, Times being more dangerous now, than when you pursu'd those Methods; besides, what you did then, was with a Design to dye a Martyr for the good of the Church. In short, Sir, you that are the very Pinacle of Piety, and
the

The Dedication.

W

the main Prop and Pillar of Monarchy, and that have so Remarkably distinguish'd your self by your Patience and Resignation to the Will of Heaven, conformable to your Doctrines of Passive Obedience and Nonresistance, can easily byass your own Party to believe and applaud any thing you shall declare your Approbation of, how contradictory soever it may seem to their common Understanding. As for the Whigs, when they shall see that you're inclin'd to Patronize such a Work as this, pleas'd with the Hopes of having gain'd so great a Man as you over to 'em, they'l not only intrust you with all their Secrets, but by employing your Pen to defend 'em against their Adversaries (as they certainly will be oblig'd to do) since they stand upon so ticklish a Foundation, as you have often hinted to us) they'l put it in your Power to turn the Scale of Affairs upon the first fair Wind, and set the Church and Right Line just where it was before the Conquest. As for what may seem to reflect upon the Memory of the Dead, and on Persons perhaps that you've the greatest Veneration for, tho' your Party may at first seem to be startled at it, as having never themselves been Guilty of so Horrid a Crime (for, whatever Aspersions may have been cast upon the Memory of King William, since
lie

he was according to your Maxim but an
 Usher, were nothing but what any ho-
 nest Man might and ought to Declare and
 Maintain) yet That you can easily turn to
 your Advantage thus ; What ? to speak E-
 vil of Dignities, to calumniate so good, so
 gracious, so pious and true a Friend to our
 Cause ; s'Death can we tamely sit still and
 bear this ? *Rouse up ye British Lyons, and
 make all Nations tremble, &c.* and so go on
 in the same lofty Stile as your Remarks of
 the 7th of July last, and then tell a Story
 of an impudent rascally Whig that you
 heard drink to the glorious Memory of a
 certain Person that died in 1710. there you
 may enlarge very handsomly, setting forth
 that they'l make a God of any Prince that
 will stand by them (which you know they
 call being in the Interest of the Nation)
 notwithstanding they are Men of Republi-
 can and Antimonarchical Principles. But if
 that Prince happens to be better advis'd,
 and discovers all their dark Designs, then
 they turn Tail and rave against his Coun-
 cellors, and sometimes openly against that
 very Prince whom they but just now ca-
 rest and ador'd, but you pursuant to your
 infallible Maxims of *Hereditary Right*, al-
 ways speak with the greatest Veneration,
 and I believe could even pray to Your
 Glorious

Glorious Female Saint, forgetting whatever Motto's might have been put upon the Weathercock at *Oxford*, by those Honest, Passive Obedient Gentlemen. Thus, Sir, since you see I have given you a small Occasion to exert your Talent (I can hardly doubt of your Protection) Therefore, Sir, That you may have a speedy End of your Troubles, and that as *Elisha* went to Heaven in a Fiery Chariot, you may likewise in a Chariot without Wheels, gently slide up to Heaven the same Way that the devout *St. Gascoigne* went before you, is the hearty Desire of, Sir,

Your, &c.

Honest

The first thing I noticed
 when I stepped out of the car
 was the cold. It was a sharp
 contrast to the warm blanket
 I had been sitting under.
 I shivered as I walked
 towards the entrance of the
 building. The air was thick
 with the scent of old wood
 and the sound of distant
 footsteps. I felt a sense
 of anticipation, a mix of
 nervousness and excitement.
 The door was slightly ajar,
 and I pushed it open. The
 interior was dimly lit, with
 the light from the windows
 casting long shadows on the
 floor. I took a deep breath
 and stepped inside.



Honest Amusements,

Song I.

On the First breaking out of the Rebellion.

I.
SURE *England's* now grown mad Sir,
 And *Scotland* with Frenzy possest,
 Thus to strive against the Stream,
 And deluded by a Dream,
 To endeavour mighty **GEORGE** to molest.

II.
 But see the Vain Attempt, Sir,
 Of a Rash, Despairing Crew,
 Who since they're all turn'd Out,
 'Cause they strove to bring about
 For *French* Gold, what we all might rue.

III.
 Now with blust'ring think to 'fright us,
 And with damn'd Rage and Spite,
 Pretend to Rebel;
 And like Devils broke from Hell,
 Wou'd subvert our Constitution quite!

IV.

A Bastard for King they set up Sir,
 Forsooth by Hereditary Right;
 Tho' when all is said and done,
 He is but a Tyler's Son,
 And will gain but a Halber by't.

V.

BUT GEORGE our King, with Scorn Sir,
 Sits laughing to see such Fools;
 Who contentedly can trudge,
 To revenge their private Grudge,
 And become the Great Vagabond's Tools.

VI.

YET see the Church's Protectors,
 To bring in Popery, pulling her down;
 But her Pray'rs shall prevail,
 And make the Rogues turn Tail,
 Since King GEORGE is her Defender known.

VII.

PROSPERITY then to his Arms, Sir,
 And a Health to the Secret Committee;
 May Blessings on 'em shower,
 And the Villains in the Tower
 Suffer Justice, and die without Pity.

Song II.

I.

THAT Protestants with Protestants,
 Should jar and disagree,
 And some 'gainst Sense and Reason,
 For a Popish Vagrant be,

Astonishes;

(II)

Astonishes; yet Mischiefs dire,
And Discords will arise,
As long as we've such cursed Shoals
Of Jesuits in Disguise.

II.

LONG have these wretched Vermin,
Been striving to obtain,
Our Glorious Isle of *Britain*;
And spar'd no Cost or Pain;
Our Abby Lands in hopes to gain,
And Freeborn Subjects ride:
Then might they beauteous Nuns enjoy,
With Luxury and Pride.

III.

THEIR last most politick Attempt,
Was hiring Men of Parts,
Who might with Cant most plausible,
Corrupt the People's Hearts;
And those who their Estates had spent,
And stuck at naught for more,
They gain'd, their Country to betray,
T' a Scoundrel Son of a Whore.

IV.

THEN may those wretched Parricides,
Who were such Rascals Tools,
And those who now would vindicate
Such mercenary Fools,
Be scorn'd, despis'd, and look't upon
As Pagan, Turk or Jew,
And cheated too by Romish Priests,
Of Faith and Money too.

BUT all those noble Gentlemen,
 Who bravely constant stood,
 In Spite of all their gilded Baits,
 Firm to their Country's good;
 Like Stars they now refulgent shine,
 Brave Safeguards of our King:
 Then with these Patriots Loyal Healths,
 Let's make our Mughouse ring.

Song III.

Upon the First of August.

I.

LET Loyal Boys with Joy unfeign'd,
 Commemorate this happy Day,
 That sav'd our Isle (by Rogues inchain'd)
 From Popish, Arbitrary Sway.

II.

LET Tory Rogues their Grief express,
 With Rosemary and Black most sad;
 This Day renews their Torments fresh,
 But makes all Loyal Souls more glad.

VI.

III.

WHILST they in Hingermugger whining,
 Drink to th' Memory of their Queen;
 To GEORGE our Monarch, Godlike shining,
 We fearless drinking, blest are seen.

IV.

LONG may he live, and make them tremble,
 That Mobbish Rage against him show;
 Whilst greater Villains must dissemble,
 Or else to th' Tow'r or Tyburn go.

DRINK

(113)
Let the presumptuous V. know,
DRINK about then and be merry,
Naught but Loyalty be heard;
Never of such Healths be weary,
A Tory's not worth our Regard.

An Ode

On the Pretender's Landing in Scotland.

I.
PROCLAIM, thro' Climes remote resounds,
Affrica lends thee Wings;
Tenacious Fame, what Guards around,
Defend the best of Kings.
Invisible by Heaven's Command they wait,
Infernal, closest Plots disclose;
Prolong *Britannia's* happy State,
Confounding thus great *George's* envious Foes.

II.
Now *Jove* Omnipotent declares,
He ought alone to sway,
Who makes his Altars all his Cares,
And drives *False Priests* away.
His Airy Legions from *Olympus* sends,
Minerva, joyful at their Head commands,
To blest *Augustus* Kingdoms bend;
And joyns with Mortal, *Jove's* Immortal Bands.

III.
To *Caledonia* some advance,
'Gainst Foes to *Albion's* State;
Repay th' ambitious Tools of *France*,
With *Icarus's* Fate.

Let

Let the presumptuous, base born Bubble know,
 Who by *Disfordin's* Aid would reign,
 His short liv'd Pageantry and Show,
 Was but a Gallick Plot our Isle to gain.

IV.

From a poor Dunghill thus to raise,
 The Spurious Bantling whilst a King,
 Deluded by False Deities,
 Makes him his Heir; Unheard of thing!
 But now, by the False Gods they all adore,
 Deserted, 'cause their Magick cease;
 Th' Impostor's drawn to *Caledonia's* Shore,
 To fall a Victim for *Britannia's* Peace.

Song IV.

O The wretched *Jacobites*,
 Where's now their Royal Tool?
 To give new Posts,
 For those they've lost
 In his Cause, poor, proud, deluded Fool.
 O the wretched Rebel Rout;
 Who'd fain our Rightful *George* turn out,
 With Papists joyn,
 To undermine
 Our Laws, and Establish'd Church Divine.
 But *Cadogan* the Great
 Did those Traitors defeat,
 And made them know too late,
 They were but the Tools
 Of mad-brain'd Fools,
 And may mourn their luckless Fate.
 But let them stay,
 They'll soon see the Day,

When

When *Perkin* here is brought,
 A Scaffold for his Throne,
 And his Peers e'ery one;
 Then that *George* is their true King they'll be



I.
What a Potber is here, what whining, what crying,
 What bawling for Mercy, what raving, what lying,
 'Cause they had their Deserts who spoke Treason when dying?
Which nobody can deny. &c.

II.
 But tho' they did ne'er so much Mischief intend,
 The King out of Mercy should have made 'em his Friends;
 Then his Protestant Government soon would have end.
Which nobody can deny. &c.

III.
 They Mercy did merit, because they confess,
 To rebel for a Popish Impollor was best,
 Which shews how sincere they Repentance express.
Which nobody can deny. &c.

IV.
 This plainly discovers, that those who with Art,
 The Ministry censure by taking their Part,
 Have under this Masque, the same Traiterous Heart.
Which nobody can deny. &c.

V.
 The Seeds of this Mischief, sent over from France,
 Were Louis'd'ores, Wine, Brocades and right Nanx,
 Which made Bungey trumpet, and High-Churchmen dance.
Which nobody can deny. &c.

VI.
 And (saith) to some Tune, for presently after,
 The *Heav's* disbanded who made so much Slaughter,
 And the End we made War, and Alliance a' Laughter.
Which nobody can deny &c.

Now

VII.

Now a Treaty's on Foot, all Peace was the Word,
What *Marble* had won was most kindly restor'd;
And who but dear Brother and dear Sister, Good Lord!
Which nobody can deny, &c.

VIII.

At length came *D^r. Anson*, and shew his Devoir,
Behind his State-Coach plac'd the Q--n in a Chair;
And so to the rest, brought young *Jenny* to see her,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

IX.

This first happy Interview had you but seen,
What Joy and what Sorrow these great ones between;
You'd sure love the Memory of so gracious a Queen,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

X.

Thus merrily Matters went on for a while,
But Death, cruel Death! all their Hopes did beguile;
Which made 'em all sad, but true Protestants smile,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

XI.

What has happ'd this bless'd Reign, I need not here tell;
How Villains for nothing at all did rebel;
And what ill Fate *Perkin* and *Secundrels* befall,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

XII.

Yet they still make a bawling, without Power or Hope;
Being furnish'd with Nonfence from Priests of the Pope,
And never will be quiet 'till Hope with a Rope,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

I. V.

SINCE Whigs are of late,
So brisk and elate,
And some of our Side so uneasy,
At the News they have told;
I'll a Secret unfold,
Which I'm sure must encourage and please ye.

BUT

II.

But first you must note,
 When *Jemmy* took Boat,
 How Providence Matters did guide,
 Preserving him free
 From all Dangers at Sea;
 For Two Proverbs we know of his Side;

III.
 The end of this Story,
 I now set before ye,
 Is plain to all Reason and Sense;
 That Fate does design
 We shall have the right Line,
 Tho' many have been in *Suspense*.

IV.
 Tho' some have believ'd,
 And some misconceiv'd,
 His Courage, and been disappointed;
 Yet the Sequel will show,
 That he fear'd not his Foe;
 For who can hurt St. *Peter's* Anointed?

V.
 Have you never been told,
 How *Achilles* of old,
 Was plang'd in the River of *Syrx*,
 The Vertue of that Water,
 Preserv'd him thereafter,
 From Wounds by Swords, Arrows or Kicks.

VI.
 This made him so stout,
 And his Enemies rout,
 That Men were afraid to resist him;

But

But at last he did feel
A Death's Wound in his Heel,
For there only the Liquor had milt'd him.

VII.

Our young Hero so,
That to War he might go,
And make without Danger much Slaughter,
His Holiness pray'd,
He secure might be made,
By the Help of some Sanctified Water.

VIII.

For once my good Son,
This thing shall be done,
Says the Father, but first you must strip you;
And then we'll retire,
For you know my dear Squire,
We love pretty Boys. Then I'll dip you.

IX.

Now when he'd done all,
His Attendance did call,
To bring him a Collar of Gold;
And with it a Rope,
Which our Father the Pope,
When he duck'd his Son yenny might hold.

X.

Round the Neck of this King,
With the Rope in a Ring,
St. Peter this Collar did fasten,
Then plunged him thrice,
In this Water most nice,
Now to conquer those Heretics happen.

Now

XI.

Now sure of Success,
This Monarch did dress
Then thanking the Head of the Church;
Went to Scotland with Speed,
To his Friends in much need,
Who fear'd they'd been left in the Lurch.

XII.

Now glad they did seem,
As if rous'd from a Dream,
And when he the Tale did disclose;
They return'd an Address,
On his joyful Success,
For so happily beating his Foes.

XIII.

So sure they were on't,
As if they had don't,
And when they were told that *Argyle*,
Was marching to Perth,
They said with much Mirth,
They were sure his Designs they should spoil.

XIV.

But one cloudy Day,
As *Argyle* was'd to stray,
With his Monarch a Space from the rest,
Of a sudden he cry'd,
An ill Omen I've spy'd,
O King, that foretells we're distress'd.

XV.

Round your Royal Neck quite,
There's a Mark very white,
Which I fear from the Water was kept.

Achilles just so,
 Tho' 'twas further below,
 Was in Danger of Death. — Then they wept.

XVI.
 At length they resolv'd,
 Rather than be involv'd
 In Danger, betimes to retreat;
 Which when their Friends knew,
 They also withdrew,
 And this the Whigs call a Defeat.

XVII.
 Now to those of our Party,
 Who still are so hearty,
 I say, Never fear we shall lose;
 'Cause for a good Reason,
 Our King at that Season,
 But slip't his Neck out of the Noose.

XVIII.
 But now, like *Achilles*,
 The *Chevalier's* Will is,
 A Sanctify'd Armour to get him;
 And then Sir, not one,
 With Sword, Pistol or Gun,
 Can hurt him, tho' *Thouland's* were.

XIX.
 My Friends then, says he,
 Of every Degree,
 Be ready, — the Whigs shall be bang'd;
 If they been't when I'm o'er,
 For a Son of a Whore,
 Let me die like a *Rogue* and be hang'd.

(21)

Song V.

Here be de brave Show, de pretty Show, de brave Show, de fine
gallant Show.

(3)

Here be de var pretty Show from Letwin
brought over,
Tis bot Tangick and Comick de Machine vid dif-
O Raree Show, &c.

(2)

Den first we present you vid one var pretty King,
De Bricklayer's Son personating of de King
O Raree Show, &c.

(3)

Now look on de left Hand and shat vil disclose,
His last brave Campaign and how he dealt vid his
O Raree Show, &c.

(4)

Here be Ormond and Mar, dat attend him in state,
O Raree Show, &c.

IV

Here be all de Rebels in Newgate and de Tower,
Staring von at denodar most damnably sower.
O Raree Show, &c.

(1)

Here be de Tory incog stand trembling for Fear,
De Rebels dat impeach shou d make dare Treasons
O Raree Show, &c.

(7) Here

(1622)

Here be de Saints to be seen who lately dy'd Mar-
tyrs,
And we soon shall have more made by Jack Ketch's
O Raree Show, &c. Garter

(18.)

Here be ten thousand Tory for King George, and all
dar Heart,
Yet curse all who wish to his Feet dare Defart.
O Raree Show, &c.

(9.)

Here be de Cabal of Jewry, taking ver great pain,
To stir up more Fools to a second Campaign.
O Raree Show, &c.

(10.)

And here be de ver pretty Thing, to crown dare
Endeavour,
A Triangular Tree, and a Halter most clever.
O Raree Show, &c.

(4.)

Here be O'worms and Nuts, that attend him in state,
O Raree Show, &c.

Song VI.

Here be all de Rebels in Newgate and de Tower,
Starting you at denodest most darningly lower.

(1.)

Here was a famous Tyler,
A pretty Babe had he,

Stole from his Cradle

A Monarch soon to be.

When to Rome Boys we did go, did go, did go.

When to Rome Boys we did go.

(2)

Strait to a Royal Palace he,
Was hurry'd in a Trice;
The King and Queen adopt him
By Jesuits Advice.
When to Rome, &c.

(3)

'Twas to promote Religion,
And therefore they must swear,
He was their true begotten Child,
And most undoubted Heir.
When to Rome, &c.

(4)

And more t'oppress the Protestants;
By their Tyrannick Power,
They topsy turvy turn'd the Church,
And Bishops sent to the Tower.
When to Rome, &c.

(5)

For which and other Fooleries
Of Arbitray Sway;
The Biggots by Consent of all
Most cowardly ran away.
When to Rome, &c.

(6)

Old Lewis entertain'd 'em then,
And taking them by th' Hand,
By Jove, says he, we've now Pretence,
To plague the British Land.
When to Rome, &c.

Some

Not

(7.)

Not many Years th' unhappy Prince,
With Lewis did reside,
But leaving this pretended Son
To the Pope's Grief he dy'd
When so War Boys we did go.

(8.)

How wisely Glorious Nassau rul'd,
Mean time, I need not tell,
By Papist fear'd, by Protestants
Carest and lov'd full well
When a conquering he did go.

(9.)

Lamented much, he dy'd at last,
But the succeeding Reign
By the Help of mighty Monarchs
We beat both France and Spain
When a conquering we did go.

(10.)

But to perplex us then the more,
This Popish Bratt was sent,
And to invade old Scotland
Was his Politick Intent
When a conquering, &c.

(11.)

Yet here their Project fail'd 'em,
For this Fool went to Hell
The peaceable most Christian King,
How near he had mist Hell
When a conquering, &c.

Some

(12.)
 Some Priests and Lawyers next were brib'd,
 As witty full as knavish,
 With *Louisdorets* most plentiful,
 Nor was he vainly lavish.
When a conquering, &c.

(13.)
 To whisper then in *Anna's* Ear,
 He gave them this Instruction;
 That a Whiggish Ministry would be,
 The Church's sure Destruction.
When a conquering, &c.

(14.)
 She found out soon the Truth out,
 And plainly understood,
 That Whigs would ne'er perswaded be,
 That Romish Faith was good.
When a conquering, &c.

(15.)
 She therefore turn'd 'em off and soon,
 These Fellows did advance;
 And to compleat their Wishes,
 Pack't up a Peace with France.
When to Utrecht we did go. &c.

(16.)
 A Glorious Peace it was too,
 The Parliament confess,

For what the *Gallick King* propos'd,
Was always for the best.

When to Utrecht we did go. &c.

(17)

As for Trade and foolish Citizens,

We never made a Pother,

But kindly strove how to restore,

Poor James the Illd. our Brother.

When to Utrecht, &c.

(18)

Yet e're all was concluded,

Which was so well begun;

Our Pious Q—n departed,

And so we were undone.

When in Mourning we did go. &c.

(19)

But still we had some Hopes left,

Our Popish King to gain;

For as long as honest *Lewis* liv'd,

We had Friends of him and *Spain*.

When in Mourning, &c.

(20)

The Murther next we plotted,

Of all the *Brumswick Race*,

But *Lewis's* untimely Death,

Quite bro't us in Disgrace.

When a plotting we did go. &c.

(27)

(21.)

To *Mar* we then Dispatches sent,
And soon his Courage rous'd,
And in Hopes of great Preferment,
Our Cause he soon espous'd.
Ween a Mobbing he did go. &c.

(22.)

The Head of all this Poppet Show,
Young *Jemmy*, came at last;
Receiv'd Addresses, made a Speech,
Then scamper'd off in Hast.
Whn a scampering he did go. &c.

(23.)

At *Preston* and *Dumblain* he try'd,
All his most doughty Knights;
But found they were to *George's* Troops,
No more than Frogs to Kites.
When a Mobbing he did go. &c.

(24.)

Thus does the poor Pretender,
Lead a despairing Life;
Forfook by all, and beat by all,
His Champions here at Strife.
When a plotting they would go. &c.

(25.)

Then haste and be a Cardinal,
Thus, if thou canst, be well;

For

For rather than be such a King,
 Thou'dst better live in Hell.
 Than a begging that to go, &c.

(26.)

For all that are true Protestants,
 Impostors will oppose.
 Then God bless all King George's Friends,
 And disappoint his Foes.
 When a plotting they do go, &c.

Song VII.

*Made upon signing the Associations, in the Time
 of the Rebellion.*

Let e'ery true Soul in the Room,
 With unanimous Duty Combine,
 To pronounce the Vile Jacobites Doom,
 By Supporting the Protestant Line.
 With Resolute Loyalty now unite,
 And stand by King George with all your might.
 So the Rebels we'll rout,
 And the Jacks shall turn out,
 For no Popery here shall thrive,

(2.)

The rise of this vapouring Party,
 Compos'd of Rogues, Papists and Fools,
 For Pretty young Jimmy so hearty,
 And for Pay the damn'd Jesuits Tools,

Were

(39)

Were *Anna's* late Ministers wife of State,
Who 'Cause they'd lost all Credit, Post and
To Regain 'em, *Rebell* *Estate*
But their Courage we'll quell,
For no Popery here shall thrive.

(40)
The Queen was an honest good Woman,
And had honest good Ministers too,
Poor Souls. they meant mischief to no man,
If they lov'd *French Wine*, what's that to you?
So they wanted a Peace, and a Peace they had,
Yet the Whigs in return, cry'd they'r Drunk or
Damn'd quarrelsome Dogs, *Mad*,
And unmannerly Rogues,
For our Projects they always thwart.

(41)

When King *George* came at first from *Hanover*,
We thought he'd ha' kept us in still,
For Tories at first bro't him over,
But who says 'twas against their Will.
But 'Cause we were Church-men, we knew full well,
As that *France* and the *Pope* and *Young Jemmy* can
He left us with Lunch,
And sign'd a down the Church,
Who says we don't justly rebel.

(42)

Thus Silly Weak People they gain,
And the Wiser ones proffer Preferment,
Their Cause (as they call't) to maintain,
Where there's Profit there can be no Harm in't;
For since their Estates are most mortgag'd or sold,
They've nothing to lose, but may get the *Pope's*
Now they're in they don't care, *Gold*.
For with Rage and Despair,
They'll swing or be made for ever. *But*

(6.)

But hear ye mad Folks of the Nation,
 Who think you're so much in the Right,
 For we've made Loyal Associations,
 Will surely demolish you quite;
 For *George* our true King then stand up brave Boys,
 And the blest Royal Branches, with Heart and
 For we'll *Perkin* pull down, Voice,
 Since King *George* wears the Crown;
 And no Popery here shall thrive.

Song VII.

(1.)

Since Heav'n to Protestantism has shewn,
 By various Turns its Favour,
 And pull'd vile High-Church Traytors down,
 Who strove for Gold t'enlave her;
 Of Frenchify'd English and Popish Tools,
 P'le tell you Sirs the Manner;
 And fruitless Rage of factious Fools,
 'Gainst Protestant Sons of Honour.

(2.)

They spar'd our Foes, a Peace they made,
 And po'r Queen *Anne* impos'd on,
 Nor car'd for Liberty or Trade,
 Whilst *Lewis* his Gold dispos'd on;
 Thus with French Cash they Commoners hir'd,
 And made new Lords to joyn her,
 To pave the Way for *James* the third,
 'Gainst Protestant Sons of Honour.

(3.)

Yet what they hop'd wou'd gain their End,
 By Death's kind Hand soon quash'd 'em;
 For great King *George* chose such good Friends,
 Whose Courage most happily dash't 'em;
 Their damn'd rebellious Plots we've spoil'd,
 'Gainst *Britain*, that would have undone her,
 Yet they by a new Parliament hop'd to beguile
 Brave Protestant Sons of Honour.

(4.)

Our Glorious Senate soon perceiv'd
 Their Aims, and God bless 'em, promoted
 A Bill which those High Churchmens Prospects
 deceiv'd;
 Then a Health to those Members that voted,
 For that which our Liberties still has sav'd;
 And as 'tis Loyal Mug-House Mens manners,
 Confound their Designs who themselves have be-
 hav'd
 'Gainst Protestant Sons of Honour.

F I N I S.

(31)

(3.)

Yet what they hop'd would gain their End,
By Death's kind Hand soon crush'd 'em;
For great King George's sake such good Friends,
Whole Courage most happily dash'd 'em;
Their damnd rebellious Plots we've spoil'd,
Gainst Britain, that would have undone her,
Yet they by a new Parliament hop'd to beguile
Brave Protestant Sons of Honour.

(4.)

Our Glorious Senate soon perceiv'd
Their Aims, and God bless 'em, promoted
A Bill which those High Churchmen's Projects
deceiv'd;
Then a Healthful Member that voted,
For that which our House still has sav'd;
And as the Loyal House-Mans manners,
Confound their Designs who themselves have be-
hav'd
Gaining Protestant Sons of Honour.

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